In the Realm of Higher Things

Value of the Soul.

By Rev. D. Vincent of the Roman Catholic Apostolic Mission House, Brookland, D. C.

ONE THING IS NECESSARY—Luke, x:41.

Suppose, my friends, that as you go home today you should find in your room an angel with his face as the appearance of lightning, his eyes as a burning lamp, his body as bright as crystal, what would you do? Would you not, as St. John, fall down before him to adore? Would you not grow faint before him, or if you had strength remaining that you might look on that vision splendid, would you not stand in deep and solemn awe? Well, such a being you will find in your house as you go home this morning. It will go hence with you; it will remain there as long as you remain there. It will go away when you go away. And this bright and beauteous being of whom I speak is no visitor in your home; it is an inmate; it rises with you in the morning, goes with you through the day, is present with you in your joys and sorrows, in sickness and health, in life and in death. This glorious creature is yours—it is more truly yours than anything else you possess—in fact, it is the only thing in the world you own; it is yours. Poverty cannot strip you of it; death cannot tear it from you; eternity cannot rob you of it. And this being is your soul—your precious, spiritual, immortal soul.

All things else will leave you—property, wealth, family, friends—but this, this will never forsake you. It is yours—yours forever and forever; your greatest, your only wealth and treasure. Oh, inestimable dignity and worth of the soul! Have we not great cause to honor every man and woman we meet, because behind the physical presence that we see the immortal soul is present—a soul which, if faithful, shall one day see God? Shall we not feel a great respect for each other when we remember what we are? How could we ever speak an impure word before another if we thought of the dignity of a human soul? What young man would ever go to scenes where he would blush that his mother or his sister should be present if he remembered that he took his own soul with him? Who would lie, blaspheme, cheat or steal if he thought of his soul? A great and overpowering thought. How it belittles and ridicules all the pride and show of the world! Come, my friends, let us go into the streets of the city and look around us. There are stately homes and grand carriages, gay and brilliant shops—but what are all these to the concourse of human beings, the crowd of immortal souls who are day by day waiving an immortal destiny? There is the old man, tottering along on his stick; there is the innocent little child on the way to school; there is the rich lady in her jewels and furs; there is the son of hardy toil setting out for his daily task—each one carrying about that precious treasure—an immortal soul. The tide of human beings flows on from morning to evening; the sea of humanity is ever moving—men coming and going on time's ever-restless wings. New faces come and go. We do not know their history—whence they come, whither they go—but for them all, and in them all, shines the appalling truth—each is an immortal soul. Shall me meet them again? Ah, yes! There shall come a day when every one of that throng shall meet one another. New populations shall fill the places of the present generation, new faces will shine where old ones were familiar. The stones of these present buildings shall molder away—but amid the wrecks of time each human soul will preserve its individuality and immortality.

It is not in the power of human speech to fully announce the worth of our soul. Created to the image and likeness of God, it partakes in an eminent degree of the intellectual and moral perfections of the Creator. It not only shows, as do the inanimate creatures, the omnipotence of God, but mirrors, however faintly, His own being. It is a pure, immaterial, spiritual substance, like God. Like Him, it is immortal. It is endowed with understanding and free will to know many of the things God knows, and to love the things that He loves; but, above all, to know Him and to love Him. Hence, the value of the soul is really immeasurable, and in comparison with it the things of the earth are utterly worthless. It transcends time and space, defies decay, old age or death. Eternity is its abode and the possession of God its destiny.

The value of our soul has been measured once, and that measure found expression in the agony and death of our Lord Jesus Christ. Although marred by sin, it still retained such a superhuman beauty that the Son of God readily suffered all the torments and pains for the mere love of it. Oh, human soul, if thou knewest thy worth!

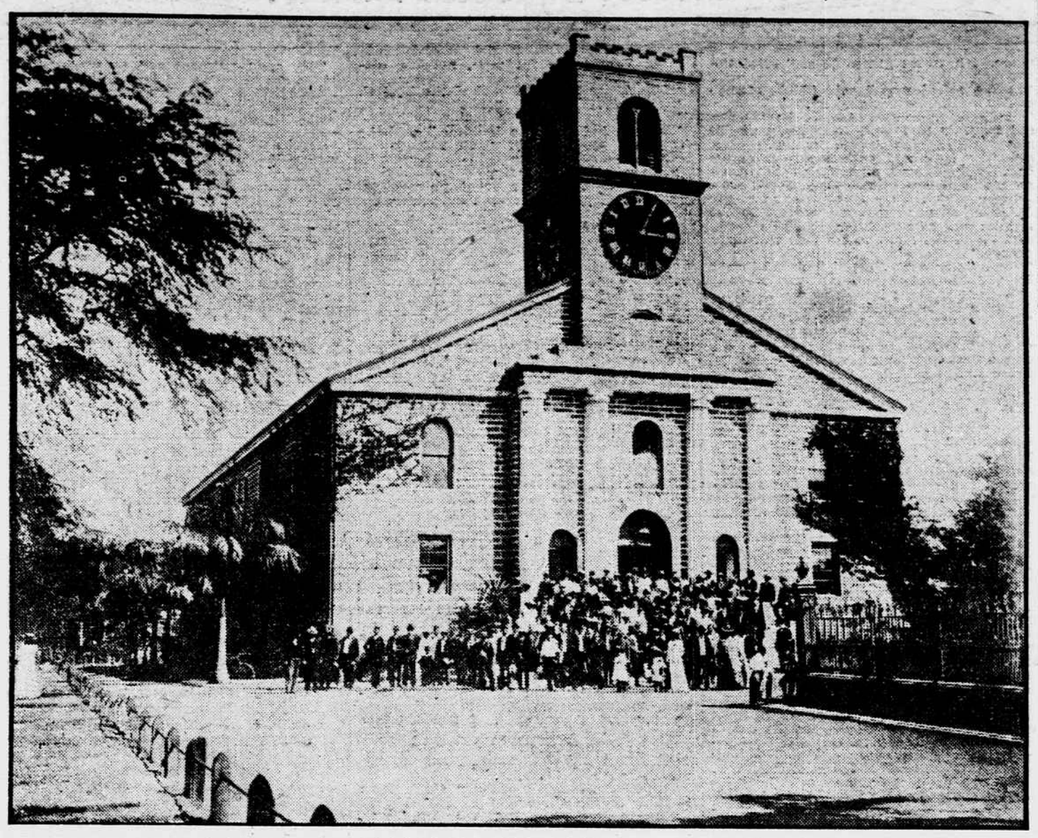
The value of an object is measured by the end for which it was created. Each substance is shaped according to its destiny. Consequently God, the prime cause, but also end of man, is the true measure of the value of the soul—not because the human soul is equal in perfection to God, but because God raised it to a supernatural destiny—the intimate union with the Sovereign Being.

One thing, then, is necessary. "Thou art careful and art troubled about many things, but one thing is necessary" (Luke, x:41). My friends, you may have different avocations in life. There may be no human similarity in your worldly affairs. Still, in the one supreme and essential business you all converge in the salvation of your immortal soul. Trade, labor, law or medicine, these are not—at least, should not—be your principal employment. Each and every one of you have the same business—in fact, all who have lived since the beginning of time have the one great and all-important work in common—the work for which you came into the world—the salvation of your soul. All other things may be dispensed with, but this one never. This is man's true and essential duty. "What shall it profit a man if he gaineth the whole world and suffereth the loss of his soul?" (Mark, viii:37). Must a man leave home, and lands, and parents, and loved ones, and follow the literal heroism of the gospel? No. This is not the meaning of our blessed Lord's words. The end of life is, indeed, the salvation of our immortal soul; but we must work this out by the means of our daily employments. We must prepare for the blessedness of the future life by the labor and toil and earnestness of the present. This is enough to insure eternal salvation to most men; but this the law of God imperatively requires of each one of us. This is our duty to our souls. This done, all is done.

It is important that we bear in mind that the salvation of our souls is properly our own work. The grace of God is, indeed, necessary; but without our personal, individual co-operation the grace of God will not save us. Therefore St. Paul, writing to the Philippians, exhorts them to work out their salvation (Ph., ii:12). Our eternal destiny depends on our own actions. No one will or can be saved merely because Christ died for us, or because He founded the church and made us its members, or because He has instituted the life-giving sacraments, or because God is willing that all should be saved. No one will be saved because of good instruction in the faith, of good desires and good intentions. All these channels and means of grace are necessary, but they are all within your reach, they are all in your power. God has made all on His part to make the task easy for you. However great your difficulties, however serious your temptations, however strong your passions, however deep seated your habits may be, you can, by the help which God is willing and glad to give you, save your immortal soul.

We know that our time in this present life is not to be used in writing letters on the sands of the seashore or chasing butterflies, or in quest of the rainbow; nor would we think him a wise father who would set out on a tour of pleasure when his presence might be necessary to avert a great disaster that threatened his family. Now, applying these rules on which we act in matters of daily life to the question of our soul's eternal security, I say we are bound to give the work of our salvation the importance it demands. Take into your souls the whole fulness of the proposition. There is a work before you that is fraught with the full interests of eternity.

Rev. D. Vincent.



OLD KAWAIAHAO CHURCH, WHE RE MANY KINGS AND QUEENS H AVE WORSHIPPED.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY

RELIGIOUS ROMANCE OF TRANSFORMED HAWAII.

Three-Quarters of a Century From Gross Barbarism to Citizenship — How Missionaries Made a Nation.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

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HONOLULU, T. H., August.

As a paradise of natural beauty, Hawaii is of interest to the tourist; but to the student of religious, social and political questions its greatest importance lies in the swiftness of its transition from a savage community, bound by the practice of human sacrifice and the allied and greater curse of the taboo, into a self-governing, orderly and prosperous community, admitted into the sisterhood of the American Union within seventy-five years after the time it began to emerge from rank barbarism. As a "fading race," also, the Kanakas, or native Hawaiians, are worth studying, for the 400,000 inhabitants whom Capt. Cook estimated as living on these Sandwich Islands in 1778 had dwindled to 142,000 in 1823, to 62,000 in 1866 and to about 30,000 in this present year.

As a widely heralded completed product of missions Hawaii has long been advertised by missionary workers. It has been said, times without number, that this is one of the few places on the globe where the missionaries finished their task—leaving to support and direct themselves as a Christian nation the people whom, little more than a generation before, they had found naked savages. For in 1863 the American board formally withdrew from the Hawaiian Islands, which it had entered in 1820.

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There, broadly stated, is one side of the situation. On the other hand, it has been charged, by innumerable persons and publications, that, while the missionaries to Hawaii pointed the benighted native to mansions in the skies, they at the same time quietly took possession of the native's earthly real estate. That the whole island, even since it has become a territory, is the private graft of the missionaries and their sons is an accusation familiar to almost everybody.

A man who spoke as from absolute knowledge declared to me aboard ship that "the missionaries are the curse of Honolulu." I later found that he had never been nearer the islands than we were at the moment. None the less, even the parrot may speak an important truth.

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Even more serious, to my mind, was the charge made by Prof. William T. Brigham, director of the famous Bishop Museum of Polynesian objects, in Honolulu. Prof. Brigham has spent a lifetime in the study of South Sea Island history, manners and customs. He declared to me that the work of the Christianization and civilization of the Hawaiian people has been altogether superficial, and that if the whites were to move out tomorrow the native would be found restoring his old altars and worship the very next day.

As proof of this he said that he had recently found a native judge in one of the Honolulu courts—I think he said a United States court—worshiping at an old native altar in one of the remote parts of the Island of Oahu. Within a stone's throw of the Bishop museum, where we were talking, was a broken-down altar, which, at the time of the political overthrow in 1893, was re-established, along with a somewhat general recrudescence of idolatry throughout the islands. Within three months, he further said, in the city of Honolulu itself, a native priest had fallen dead while conducting heathen rites before the altar. The worshipers, fearful that the devil would catch them also, quickly bundled up the appliances of idol worship and carried them to Prof. Brigham, for, they said, he would know what to do with the devil better than any other man of their acquaintance.

Local missionary authorities affirm, with great reservations, the facts upon which Prof. Brigham bases his observations, while not all accepting his conclusions. Instances of idolatry in the untraveled regions of the territory and the existence of witch doctors they grant, and a dozen years ago there was a tendency, somewhat like the ante-bellum nationalism of the Japanese, to revert to the old gods. The strong strain of superstition still persisting in the native is admitted, with additions and variations imported from the white sailors. It was called to my attention that, like so many big hotels in America, the steamer on which I traveled omitted room No. 13. So the Kanaka has not a monopoly of superstition.

These religious leaders say that Prof. Brigham's intense hostility to the entire missionary idea disqualifies him from rendering fair judgment, and I must confess that the latter told me that he believed "the heathen" should be let alone, and that "one religion is as good as another"—a statement which I thought rather remarkable, coming from a man of real scholarship, in that it puts Christianity, Buddhism and Confucianism, with their lofty ethical teachings, upon the same level as the human sacrificing devil worship of the Hawaiians, and the gross cannibalism of the islands farther south.

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Before setting down the conclusions of a first-hand investigation of religious and social conditions on these islands (which investigation has included interviews with thoroughly informed representatives of all parties, and a study of a great mass of documentary evidence, available only here) it is necessary to tell the story of Obookiah and of the islands as the missionaries found them.

The Sandwich Islands, as the Hawaiian group were named by their discoverer, Capt. Cook, were populated by a race of remote Aryan origin, who in the sixth century before had been driven north from the Samoan Islands, over thousands of miles of sea, in canoes of their own making. As late as the thirteenth century they maintained relations, mostly warlike, with the people of the southern Polynesian archipelago. They never practiced cannibalism, though human sacrifice was one of their religious rites. They were a race of unusual vigor, longevity and comeliness. Their skill in handicraft is attested by the marvelous feather cloaks once worn by Hawaiian royalty, and now the almost priceless possession of a few museums.

Such was the stock from which came the fourteen-year-old boy, bearing the euphonious name of Obookiah, who, in 1809, was found weeping on the doorsteps of Yale College. He had fled from Hawaii, having seen his parents slain before his eyes in a civil war, and had made his way to America in one of the New England ships which then plied all waters. His thirst for knowledge and religion attracted widespread attention. Samuel J. Mills, a young man who had come to New Haven from Williams College, was especially interested in this latest "man from Macedonia," and he took Obookiah to his own home, at Torringford.

Mills was a missionary enthusiast. He was the prime mover in the little band of Williams students who had devoted themselves to the cause of foreign missions, and whose historic prayer meeting in 1806, under a Williamstown haystack, is regarded as the beginning of the American foreign mission enterprise which today embraces practically all Christian churches in the land and has made the American missionary a conspicuous figure on all the continents and islands of the earth. Out of that haystack meeting—the site is now marked by a monument—grew the American board, then representing both Congregationalists and Presbyterians. The centennial is this fall being widely observed.

Obookiah's pleadings pointed to Hawaii as the first stronghold of heathenism to be attacked by the new movement and the young zealots who were its real leaders. In 1819 a party of twenty-three persons, seven of whom were wives and five children, set sail for the long journey around the Horn, their departure being made the occasion for solemn celebrations in New England. They arrived at the end of March, to learn that, by a dramatic coincidence, unparalleled in religious history, the idols had been burned, the altars and the deadly taboo had been abolished, and that conditions were most extraordinarily ripe for missionary effort.

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Things had been in a bad way in the Hawaiian Islands. Civil war had for centuries been the rule, until Kamehameha the Great, a sort of dusky Napoleon, had consolidated the islands under one rule. Vice at its worst was common and open. Two-thirds of all the children born, it is estimated, were killed in infancy and aged parents were often buried alive. Human sacrifice was an essential part of the religious system. Stealing was a fine art; even kings and chiefs kept servants for the express purpose of committing theft. Gambling went on by wholesale. When food was plentiful the native would gorge himself six or seven times a day, even rising in the night to eat. At other times he would eat but once a day, or go hungry altogether. "Science they had none; no written language, nor the least conception of any mode of communicating thought but by oral speech."

Government was oppressive; lands, products and occupants all belonged to the chiefs and the king. A system of taboo safeguarded the power of these; it was taboo and death for a common man to let his shadow fall upon a chief, or to stand when the king's bathing water was carried by, or his name mentioned in song. It was taboo for a woman to eat with her husband. It was taboo and death for a man to enter his canoe on any day named as sacred by the priest. So ran the endless system of oppressions, despite which the race continued hardy and numerous, and against which the nation arose while the missionary ship Thaddeus was en route to the islands.

But before this the white man's coming had brought vices which decimated the people. Drunkenness had become common. As an unmixed race the Kanakas had not the power to resist the imported diseases, some of them unnamably loathsome.

This was the situation, as one of the new leaders on the islands, Rev. Dr. Dolyemus Scudder, finely puts it: "In the good days to come, when religion, which gave to mankind the drama, shall have reasserted its claim to this, the noblest of all teaching agencies, some Shakespeare of the church will be moved by the Great Spirit to write for the world 'The conquest of Hawaii.' The most thrilling scene will deal with the age-long woe of priest and human sacrifice, with the horror of broken taboo and the curse of superstition, crueler than death. It will close with the uprising of an outraged people, frenzied with long oppression, madly trampling temples and altars into dust and casting their gods to the flames, at the very moment when the messengers of a new faith and the bearers of eternal hope are crossing the sea and nearing their shores. There is nothing quite like this in all the other chapters of the story of mankind."

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Ripe for a new religion, having spurned the old, the natives gave eager welcome to the missionaries. The king and the chiefs were the first pupils, reversing the common experience, which is that Christianity works from the bottom upward. Within three months the king is said to have been able to read English. The New England devotion to education spurred the missionaries on, so that within two years the native speech had been reduced to writing and a spelling book printed in it. Within four years the chiefs formally agreed to recognize the Christian Sabbath, and to adopt the Ten Commandments as the basis of government. They also prohibited the practice of native women swimming out to visit incoming ships for immoral purposes.

There had been white men on the islands before the missionaries came, some of them decent, useful men. But most of the representatives of the Caucasian race were a bad lot. Like Kipling's soldier, they sought a land,

"Where the best is like the worst;
Where there ain't no Ten Commandments,
And a man can raise a thirst."

Hawaii was to them the tenderloin of the Pacific. When the new regime of morality began, they opposed it in every way. Frequently they resorted to violence. Crews from the whalers would mob the missionaries and pillage the Christian communities. Even representatives of the American navy took part in the most high-handed efforts to maintain a "wide open" Honolulu. But the government at home, when appealed to, stood by the missionaries and morality.

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Extraordinary success attended the efforts of the missionaries. That generation of Hawaiians was practically conquered by them. Great revivals arose all over the group; hundreds and even thousands were baptized in a day; on one occasion Titus Coan baptised 1,200 natives, sprinkling them with a brush. Not all held out, however. Churches and schools were established. The first of the former was a grass building, like the native huts. It was shortly replaced by another of similar material, which seated 4,000 persons. When it burned, the present structure, on plain New England lines, was built by devoted converts, who quarried and carried the volcanic stone and dived into the sea for the coral with which to make lime. In this Kawaiahao Church, which is now one of the sights of the city, many Hawaiian kings and queens worshiped.

The benefits to Hawaii from the missionary invasion may be summarized as follows: The naked savage was clothed. A reign of law and justice was established. People ceased to be mere vassals of a king, and the lands, instead of belonging entirely to the rulers, were apportioned among the inhabitants. Self-government was instituted. The Hawaiian tongue was reduced to writing, and a system of education was introduced which today compares favorably with that of the mainland. The very land itself, bare of vegetation, was made to bloom with the verdant beauty which evokes exclamations of delight from every traveler. A people without music, of whom it was said so late as 1841 that "their efforts to sing illustrated piety rather than melody," have become famed musicians, with a band touring the large cities of the continent. The decline of the race has been arrested. Homes have been evolved where there was little worthy of that name. The spirit of chastity has been created within a race to whom it was not instinctive. Seventy thousand natives have been enrolled in the membership of Christian churches. A people who less than a century ago were benighted objects of Christian benevolence have themselves freely sent and carried the gospel to other islands. In a word, a future state of the American Union has been made out of the Sandwich Islands.

Papal Delegate's Home.

New Structure Being Completed on Washington Heights—Imposing in Appearance—Modern Interior Equipment—Architecture is Italian Renaissance Style.

(Copyright, 1906, by Chas. J. Columbus.)

Artisans are putting the finishing touches upon a new home for Mgr. Diomede Falconio, papal delegate to the United States, and his official household, and after November 15 the monsignor will reside at a residence eminently suited to the uses of his mission. The new delegation is located at 1811 Biltmore street, Washington Heights, in a fashionable section of Greater Washington, where abound some of the most representative homes and apartments in the capital city. It is in a section that has been built up within late years, and on all hands are evidences of newness and modernization of residence construction.

When the papal delegation was established in the capital by Cardinal Satolli, in 1893, he made his home at the Catholic University of America. The delegate remained there only a few months, until a residence at 201 I street northwest was secured. This is one of the famous old mansions of Washington. It is on the corner of a row which, during more prosperous times in that section of Washington, was the center of a large part of the social life of the capital. Men high in public life made their homes thereabouts. At the time of its construction the house represented the most modern type of residential architecture. It is large and roomy, with high-vaulted ceilings, while one of its charms is an Italian garden that was maintained under the supervision of Mgr. Falconio with good effect. The house is, however, unsuited, both in location and appointments, for the residence of the personal representatives of the Holy See, and therefore a change was decided upon.

At a meeting of the archbishops and bishops of the United States, held in Washington last year, it was decided to put up a building at the national capital for the residence and executive quarters of the papal delegation in this country. Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, Archbishop Farley of the New York diocese, and Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia were asked to serve as a building committee. These ecclesiastics immediately set to work to procure a site, and after due deliberation, during which time the most approved experts in Washington realty were employed, this site was bought and one that at the same time best met the desires of Mgr. Falconio. Plans of a Washington architect were accepted and the work begun immediately. Newman & Smith were the builders. A. O. Von Herbulis was the successful architect.

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While not designed on ecclesiastical lines, it embodies every essential to the comfort and well-being, officially and personally, of the representatives of Pope Pius X in the United States. It is built of light brick, with trimmings of Indiana limestone, and is three stories in height. The house is designed on the lines of the Italian renaissance, the dominating note of the exterior being Corinthian-capped pillars at the main doorway of Indiana limestone, surmounted by a cartouch of the same stone, in which the papal coat-of-arms is represented. Four other pillars rise to the top of the house, and these are also capped after the Corinthian period. Window trimmings are of stone, and the whole makes to an exceedingly happy effect. The building is surmounted by a cornice of good design.

The entrance is of an imposing character. Artistically laid-out walks and a driveway lead to great doors of wrought iron of a striking character, while the decorations about the vestibule may well be described as of an elaborate style. It suggests both an artistic taste and a desire to provide fireproof construction, and both have been happily maintained throughout the entire house. All the rooms in the house are light and roomy. One is immediately impressed with this fact on entering the reception hall, which is 18x43 feet in dimensions. It has a high ceiling, which is embellished with plastic decorations of good taste. Radiating from this chamber are reception rooms, an office, the dining room, recreation room, porter's room, while to the rear are the kitchen and pantries. Provision has been made for the servants in a wing to the rear entirely distinct from the house.

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To the left of the entrance are commodious reception rooms, and adjoining is the dining room. The decorations of these apartments are of the most up-to-date character. The mantels, which are of marble, and an importation from the yards of a well-known Italian sculptor, lend an unwonted charm not found in more high-priced mansions, it is thought. The decorations in plaster are of a novel character, and the soft glow shed from the wall brackets and ceiling electric lights add much in attractiveness to the rooms at night. On the right side of the entrance is an office. The recreation room adjoins the dining room. All partitions are of fireproof material.

A broad stairway of reinforced concrete leads to the upper stories. Another large reception hall is on the second floor, and from this entrance is made to the suite of rooms to be occupied by Mgr. Falconio. These are located in the front of the house, and consist of an office, bed room and private bath, together with a specially arranged fireproof strong room, where the archives of the delegation are to be held against stress of fiery elements or designing hands. Mr. Von Herbulis, the architect, is especially proud of this vault, and claims for its construction that no matter how long papers may be allowed to remain therein they will not suffer through climatic conditions. There are also guest suites on this floor, with private baths, and the chapel.

When finally completed it is expected that this chapel will be a revelation among semi-private shrines. It extends the breadth of the building, and its roof rises to the third floor, a distance of 25 feet. Here the sculptor's art has been freely employed, and with good effect. The high ceiling lends scope for the working out of large designs. Mr. Von Herbulis made the design for a beautiful altar of Italian marble, which has been received from Italy and set up in the chapel. Behind it are three stained-glass windows of rose pattern, and these, facing the east, shed a beautiful light about the sanctuary of mornings. The chapel is also provided with electric lights in profusion, which are operated by a switchboard from the sacristy adjoining. This room is of necessity small, but at the same time commensurate with the needs of the household.

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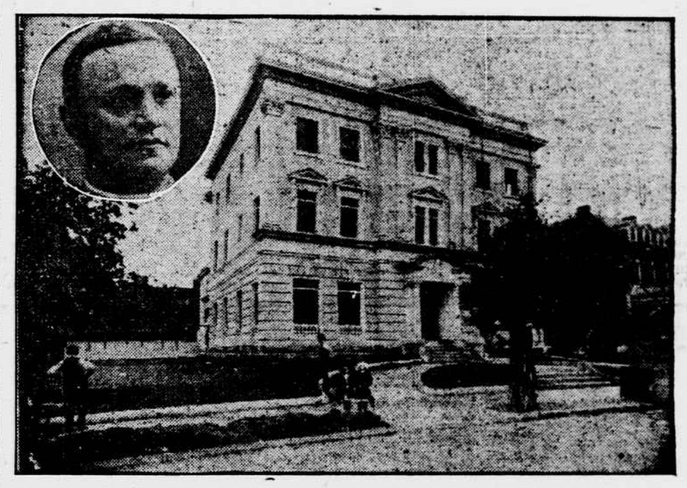
On the third floor are the apartments of the secretary and auditor, consisting of two rooms and private bath, and a number of guest rooms. A stairway leads from this floor to the roof, from which a fine view of the city and surrounding country may be had. Its surface has been graveled and tarred, to which neither water nor heat can adhere. It is anticipated that the delegate and his household will spend a great deal of time here whenever the weather permits, especially of summer evenings. On clear days there is a splendid view from this roof for many miles.

A modern heating plant and laundry have been installed in the basement, and the house is equipped with telephones that place all the rooms in communication. It is declared that only the best of construction material has been used throughout and the most skilled labor employed. Though its construction was retarded by strikes and other delays incident to a new building, it is the proud boast of the architect and contractors that not all of the appropriation of $60,000 was used.



Mgr. Falconio, Apostolic Delegate and the New Papal Delegation.

Sunday Morning Talk

Sing a Song of Seasons.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

Not all the poets have sung as blithely of autumn as did Robert Louis Stevenson in his jocund verse. The great gift was his of seeing the best in every human being who crossed his path and of making the best of every experience that befell him, even of prolonged invalidism. But the majority of the bards who have taken autumn as their theme have struck a serious and sometimes melancholy note. There is something inherently saddening in the thought of the vanishing spring and summer in the sight of brown fields, of bare trees and of the flocks of birds flying to a warmer atmosphere. The sere and yellow leaf, the shortening days, the chilling breezes, compel other thoughts than those prompted by the violets of April and the rich lush foliage of July. Today the voices of nature are chanting to us the requiem of the dying year, and we think regretfully of those bright and beautiful aspects of the world which made the spring and summer so joyous.

Yet a bit of seriousness and even melancholy may not be a bad thing for us who live too much on the surface of life's flowing stream. It is well that we should remember that a certain cycle is ordained for man, that it includes old age as well as youth and maturity, that all things inevitably hasten on to their consummation, and that as nature prepares in various ways to meet the stress and strain of the winter, so we should make ourselves ready for the great, mysterious future which will follow the interesting and often too-sufficing present as surely as autumn succeeds summer.

And yet such solemn thoughts as these should not exclusively possess our minds these autumn days. There is much to beget hope and gratitude in the tonic of crisp mornings, in the threads of scarlet and gold that embroider the hillsides in the delicious haze of Indian summer days, in the rich and varied fruitage of the year. And was there ever a year when there was more cause for thanksgiving than this year of grace, 1906, when the fields have yielded their record crops and barns and granaries are bulging with garnered grains and fruits? We ought not to wait to give thanks until some high official of the church or state summons us so to do. To see the full corn in the ear is better than to look upon the tender blade. To realize that we have enough for our own people and a plenty besides to send to other nations ought to stir the fountains of deep and unfeigned gratitude.

We ought to be thankful, too, that the lengthening evenings invite us to spend more time with our households, and furnish opportunities and incentives for study, reading and profitable converse and for social service that the summer, with its atmosphere of ease and rest, does not provide.

There is another autumnal mood which is worth interpreting to ourselves and others. It grows out of that sense of satisfaction in a rounded out process, in a realization of the fact that life is meant, sooner or later, to reach a certain completeness. Of course, the year's autumn only faintly foreshadows that ripening and mellowing of human life which comes when men grow old gracefully and face the world to come courageously and trustingly. But is there anything finer than such composure of soul and such confidence that some time, here or hereafter, the mysteries which surround this earthy life shall be cleared away?

Blessed be autumn if it helps us not to be exuberant, as we were in the spring, but quiet, steady, contented.

THE PARSON.

M. Shelton to Lead.

Mrs. Chas. W. Shelton of the Christian Church will lead the interdenominational prayer meeting Monday, 10:30 a.m., at the headquarters of the Woman's Interdenominational Missionary Union in the parlors of the First Congregational Church, 10th and G streets. The subject will be "The Lord's Day."

At People's Mission.

Rev. Dr. Merrill E. Gates is announced as the principal speaker at the meeting to be held this evening at the People's Mission, 910 Pennsylvania avenue. Other features will be singing by Mr. Howse, who sang for the printers' meeting recently; solos, quartets and music by the orchestra. The service will be in charge of Mr. George W. Havell.

The Wrong Language.

From Harper's.

Praying in public in a foreign language is always difficult, and the Rev. Thomas Joyner and his friend, Dr. Samuel Sneed, two missionaries in China, found it especially hard. On one Thursday afternoon the two were attending a service conducted by the Chinese, when the leader requested "Pastor Joyner" to lead in prayer. The missionary, in a sudden burst of inspiration, leaped to his feet aand began praying with a facility that quite astonished even himself, but that, as the sequel shows, no less surprised the Chinese. At last he began to suspect that something was wrong, faltered a moment, then burst out in disgust:

"Gracious, Sneed! Am I saying this in English?"

Phonograph Used at Funeral.

From the Musical Age.

A phonographic record of his favorite benediction has been made by the Rev. Daniel Bassett Leach, a Methodist minister of Bone Gap, Ill., and will be used at his funeral. Mr. Leach is eighty-nine years old, and has been superannuated for years, although he still preaches occasionally. The benediction he composed himself, and it is his wish that the phonograph should render it at the conclusion of his funeral service.